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The famous history of Guy of Warwick

London

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The FAMOUS

HISTORY

OF

GUY of Warwick.

Written by **Samuel Rowland.**

LONDON,

Printed for *G. Conyers*, at the *Golden-Ring* in *Little-Britain.*

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CHAP. I.

An Account of the Parentage and Birth of GUY *Earl of* WARWICK.

THE famous *Guy* of *Warwick*, the Subject of this Hiſtory, was born in the City of *Warwick*; and his Father is ſaid to have been a Gentleman of *Northumberland*, a Man of a good Eſtate, (and that his Name was *Guyraldus Cacibylanius*) and that King *Edgar* having Conquer'd the King of *Murcia*, by this means he loſt his Eſtate, and ſo came to *Warwick*; where he was ſo well received by the Gentry, and eſpecially by Earl *Roband* the Governour, that he made him his Steward, where he behav'd himſelf ſo well, that he marry'd an eminent Gentleman's Daughter, by whom he had *Guy*; who in proceſs of Time was created Earl of *Warwick*. In his Minority, about the Years of ten or twelve, he was noted for Wreſtling, throwing Stones, pitching the Barr, and other Exerciſes; ſo that very few durſt encounter him. In ſhort, he grew eminent for Manhood, as well as pleaſant in Converſation.

Earl *Roband* admiring *Guy*'s Perſon and Manhood, would often ſend for him to his Houſe; where he came to a ſight of *Phyllis* the beautiful Daughter of Earl *Roband*, with whom he fell in Love; and in proceſs of Time, after many Combats, he obtain'd his deſire. One of his Atcheivements was, the deſtroying a monſtrous Dun Cow upon *Dunſmore-*

heath, that destroy'd both Man and Beast: She is said by some to be six Yards in length, and about four in breadth; her Head was proportionable, and her Horns large and sharp, her Eyes was fiery and sparkling, her Colour, as I said before, Dun; and in short, she was so strong and swift in Motion, that no Humane Force could prevail against her; for she destroy'd Man and Beast, and put all her Keepers to flight.

The King hearing of this monstrous Beast, and the great slaughters that was made by her, offer'd Knighthood and a great Reward to any that wou'd undertake to destroy her; whereupon *Guy*, after many others had attempted in vain, privately goes and engages this Curst-Cow, with a strong Battle-Ax, and his Bow and Quiver. The Plain the Cow used to lodge in, was a great Thicket of Trees near a Pool of Water, and above it laid the Carcases of Men and Beasts; which caused *Guy* to express great Pity and Compassion for his Country People, as also an extream Resentment against that monstrous Cow.

Being at last come within Bow-shot, the Cow espy'd him, who began to make a horrid roaring, but *Guy* quickly bent his Bow, and let an Arrow fly, which could not penetrate nor make the least Impression: Upon this the dreadful Beast came running towards him, and with her sharp Horns butted full at him, which he being aware of, with his Battle-Ax he gave her such a stroke in the Forehead, that caus'd her to fall back on her Rump, and roar most frightfully; and recovering her self, makes a second push with her Horns at his Breast, from which, by the help of his Armour, he receiv'd but little harm, and nimbly turning, met her again, and with redoubled strokes gave her such desperate

Wounds

Wounds on the Head and about the Ears, that he made her roar and ſtamp, and with her Foot tear and throw up the Ground. *Guy* perceiving he had deſperately wounded her, he follow'd his ſtrokes ſo quick and forcible, that at laſt down ſhe dropt on the Ground; and alighting from his Steed, laid her on, till with horrid Groans ſhe breath'd her laſt. Then went *Guy* to the next Town, and acquainted them with what he had done, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants, who gave him Preſents and Thanks, and all the Country came in to ſee that monſtrous Cow dead that they dreaded ſo much in her Life. *Guy*, after this, thought to have gone off undiſcover'd, but the News of it reach'd the King's Ear, who ſent for him, gave him a ſplendid Entertainment, Knighted him, and gave him beſide many rich Preſents, and caus'd one of the Ribs of the Cow to be hung up in *Warwick* Caſtle.

Chap. II.

After the Deſtruction of the *Dun-Cow*, the noble *Guy* ſtill thirſting after more Honour, and the more to ingratiate himſelf into the Favour and Approbation of his Prince and Miſtreſs, he travel'd into *France*, where many of the Gallic Hero's experienced the Valour and Conduct of this Engliſh Champion, who in many Tournaments and Acts of Chivalry came always off Victorious, diſmounting many fine Kings, and overturning both Man and Horſe; and at laſt he returns for *England* again, to have a ſight of his beloved *Phyllis*, who know-

ing him to be ſo Brave and Valiant, conſented he ſhou'd go abroad to bring home more Lawrels, or Trophies of Honour and Renown: Wherefore, taking a moſt courteous and affectionate Leave of his admired Lady, he equip'd himſelf for further Adventures, baniſhing the thoughts of Fear or Danger to win his Lady's Affection, and ſetting forwards on this account, he travels on, till (riding thro' a Foreſt) he met a mighty Gyant much ſtronger than a Lion, who at every Step, ſtept two Yards: To *Guy* the Gyant ſpoke, ſaying, *Friend, Haſt thou heard of one* Guy, *who (as I am inform'd) has lately been in* France, *and Conquer'd all their Knights in Acts of Chivalry?* to whom *Guy* anſwer'd, that he was the Man. Upon this the Gyant ſaid he was glad of that, becauſe he had waited long for the opportuni-

ty of encountering him; adding, that the Honour he had won belong'd to him as his Right. Then pulling up a Tree by the Roots, he threw it up on high, and in an Iron Coat and Boots of Brass advanc'd towards *Guy*, who with undaunted Courage said, *Monster and Clown, I'll make thee stoop to me, and pull thy lofty Courage down; and thou shalt know, in spight of thee, or any such, my Honour shall shine illustrious on* Guy; and then he gave the Gyant such a blow, that he cut off *Rumbo*'s Toe, (for that was the Name of this Gyant) insomuch, that *Rumbo* could scarce stand on his Feet; whereat the Gyant was so enrag'd, that (heaving up his Tree with design to break *Guy*'s Bones) he furiously struck at him, making the Ground to shake again, but miss'd his aim; whereupon *Guy* (before the Gyant could heave his Tree again) hit him such a blow on the Head, that it brought the Monster to the Ground: But the Gyant coming a little to himself again, said, *Hold, hold thy Hand brave Knight, and I will be thy Slave, so thou wilt but save my Life*: Then quoth *Guy, Thy Life I will spare, on condition thou wilt swear to be true and obedient to me hereafter*; whereupon the Gyant did swear it, and then arose to serve and attend upon *Guy*. The Gyant being a little bruised with his blow and fall, the noble *Guy* pull'd out a Box of Unguents he had about him, and therewith anointing the Contusions, with dressing of him, he quickly was refreshed; having also given him an inward Pectoral Cordial he had in his Bottle. Then Sir *Guy*, with his Captive *Rumbo*, travel'd over the Mountains, and thro' the Valleys a long time, meeting with no Disturbance, Enterprise, or Opposition, till at length they heard a great out-cry which affrighted the Gyant so, that he said, *Sir Guy, I am so frighted, I dare not go farther*; *Tush*, said *Guy*, *fear*

fear not, I will advance let what will happen, for Fortune will assist the Bold and Adventurous. And far had they not gone before they espy'd, under a Hill, a Lion and a great fell Dragon in Combat; the sight whereof made *Rumbo* fall down in a Swound, and put him into a cold Sweat for Fear, whilst *Guy* with Courage said, *This is fine Sport, come, fight on, and he that getteth the Mastery, I will encounter afterwards:* At length the Lion turns aside, as if he design'd to run away: Then said the the noble *Guy, Dragon, have-at thee*; and drawing his massy

Sword, steps to the Dragon, and with Courage undaunted and great Fury, fell foul on him, so that he made the Dragon give back; whilst the Gyant stood quaking for Fear, not knowing what to do: At last, after a great and bloody Fight, Sir *Guy* overcame

came this Dragon, which rejoyc'd the trembling Gyant to see it; whereat the Lion, in humble manner falling down on his Belly, came creeping and fawning to Sir *Guy*'s Feet to lick them, showing his Gratitude and Joy thereby for his Deliverance from that dreadful Serpent and Dragon, and afterwards follow'd him by his Horse-side as long as he was able for Hunger. Then *Guy* said, *Rumbo, I see thou art but a Coward, for tho' thou hast Strength, yet thou wanteſt a good Heart:* But the Gyant said, *Sir, if you please to permit me to speak, you shall see, that you your self shall be but weak to me, in what hereafter you shall see me do, before I will suffer any Injury or Wrong to be done to you. Why then* (said *Guy*) *I'll quickly find thee out an opportunity to try thy Valour; for I hear the Emperor of* Germany *hath besieg'd the Duke of* Lovain, *whom I design to assist, because my Resolution is,* To help and succour the Weak against the Strongest and most Mighty; *yet not in any unjust Quarrel.* Not long was it e're they arrive at *Lovain,* which the Duke hearing, with great Joy and Gladness splendidly entertains the noble *Guy*, saying, *My most worthy Friend, Sir* Guy, *how glad is my Heart that such an Honourable and Renowned Person is come to take our Parts: Therefore, I beseech you great Sir* Guy, *give me your Advice in this Case; for our City is besieg'd by a powerful Enemy, and we are not able to make a vigorous Resistance.* To whom Sir *Guy* reply'd, *My Lord, I doubt not but by a Method I intend, to give a powerful Diversion to the Enemy, and get more Liberty for our Arms; and the better to effect, this and encourage your Men, my self, with my Man* Rumbo, *will issue out upon them unaware; so that after we have made a Breach, your Army may better sally out upon the Besiegers, and put them to the Rout; for,* true Courage fears no Dan-

Danger: *Virtus ſub pondere creſcit*, in the greateſt Hardſhips and Straits true Valour ſhines brighteſt.

Then ſuddenly they open'd the Gates, where *Guy* and *Rumbo* behav'd themſelves ſo valiantly, that they broke their Enemies, beat the *Almains* from the Walls, and made ſuch a terrible Slaughter among them, that with the help of the Duke's Army, they quite vanquiſh'd the *Almains*, and put them quite to the Rout. *Rumbo* beat a whole Lane of Men before him, but following them too far, was unfortunately ſlain. *Guy* bewail'd the Death of his truſty Servant *Rumbo*, and ſaid he wou'd be reveng'd on the *Almains* for his Death. Shortly after the Emperor ſent another Army greater than the firſt, but they were overthrown as the former were, and the Duke with *Guy* return'd victoriouſly into the City; where after many Thanks given to *Guy*, *Guy* anſwer'd the Duke in this manner, *My Lord, it joys me not half ſo much that we have got the Victory of our Enemies, as it wou'd gladen my Heart, to make a Peace between the Emperor and you:* The Duke was willing, and ſent a Guard of Soldiers with him, till he came to the Emperor's Court, where he ſpoke to the Emperor in this ſort: *High Emperor, all Health unto thy Grace, and Peace to thee, if thou ſay'ſt Peace to us; and Love to thee, if thou wilt Love embrace: Why ſhou'd the* Chriſtians *war againſt each other? but rather againſt Misbelieving* Jews, Turks, *and* Pagans; *we ſue not after thee in ſervile way, as fearing thy Power and Might, for Victory has crown'd our Heads with Honour, but that we might agree together to pull the* Pagans *down.*

Brave Engliſh-man, quoth the Emperor, *hadſt thou ſpoke ſooner, it had not only been granted, but many hundred Mens lives: Why then*, quoth *Guy, let's to Duke* Segwin *go, and renew the League*

be-

betwixt you. *With all my Heart* quoth the Emperor. So away they go to the Duke, and renew their League, and ſend *Guy* with a thouſand choſen Men againſt the *Jews*, *Turks*, and *Saracens*, altogether by the Ears. Brave ſport, quoth *Guy*; ſo lays about him on every ſide, favouring none, inſomuch that they ſaid one to the other, What mad Fellow is this, that hews us down on every ſide? ſure had he a thouſand Lives, he could not eſcape. At length a Pagan ſteps to *Guy*, and deſired a Combat at his Hands, to ſee which of their Swords could cut the beſt. *Methinks*, quoth Colbron, *thou haſt a Sword that is like to a Reed, I am perſwaded it will not cut.* *Not cut*, quoth Guy! *Pagan, I like thy Humour well; I'll whet it on thy Bones before we part; ſuch Lubbers it hath often hewn aſunder.* Then did they lend each other ſuch luſty knocks, that Sparks of Fire flew from their Helmets; the gazing People knew not what to think, but expected the end of *Guy*, for *Colbran* was wondrous ſtrong, and one of the chiefeſt Champion that the *Turks* had. But *Guy* at laſt gave him ſuch a ſturdy blow, that down came *Colbron* and his ſtrength withal. Pagan, quoth *Guy*, is my Sword ſharp or no? with that he cut off his Head, and ſent it to the Emperor preſently. *Guy* to another goes called *Marmadore*, and after a hot Combat, overcomes him, and lays him dead upon the Ground. The Pagans ſeeing their Champions go down ſo faſt, forſook the Field, and went to the Town, where a moſt bloody Tyrant bore the ſway, who hearing what was done, went armed to the Tent where *Guy* was, and challeng'd him to come forth, telling him that he had promiſed his Head to a Lady, and was come to fetch it. And haſt thou ſo, quoth *Guy*? an honeſt Man will be his Words Maſter: come then and take it off quickly, or elſe the Lady will

ſup-

ſuppoſe you ſcoff. But *Guy* did ſo be-labour him, that inſtead of taking off his Head, he ſet Spurs to Horſe, and fled to ſave his own: Then not a Man durſt ſtir, but *Guy* hearing they had a General in Town, (they call'd him mighty *Souldain*) goes and challenges him, and dares him to his Face: The *Souldain* with a ſtaring Look, reply'd, Thou Chriſtian Slave, who like a Dog I ſcorn, I'll chaſtize thee with Steel. With that at each other they ran, their Launces broke, and each forſook his Horſe, and betook them to their Swords: *Guy* ſtruck ſuch forcible blows, that he cut through the *Souldain*'s Armour, and by loſs of Blood the *Souldain* fell to Ground, caſting handfuls of his Blood at *Guy*: So *Guy* ſet Spurs to his Horſe, and departed with Victory and great Honour; and hearing that in *Normandy* was to be a Tournament for the beautiful Daughter of the Emperor, who had promis'd, that the moſt Valiant and beſt Eſteem'd Knight in that Enterprize ſhould have her mounted on a Milk-white Steed, two Greyhounds, and a Faulcon, all in white; this worthy *Engliſh* Knight, Sir *Guy*, glad of another Opportunity to ſhew his Proweſs and Valour, directs his Courſe thither, and prepares himſelf for the Field, where ſeveral Kings were preſent, and Princes, Dukes and Earls were aſſembled; with many Knights and Gentlemen from all the Regions round about, to try their Valour, in hopes to win this beutiful Prize the Emperor's Daughter; who was called *Blanch*. On the Day appointed, there were ſuch numberleſs crowds of all Ranks and Eſtates of People aſſembled, that the ſpacious Field appointed for this Purpoſe would ſcarce contain them. Firſt of all, a *German* Prince of undaunted Courage did encounter an Earl, and with ſuch Fury and Reſolution did engage him, that he Unhorſt

the

the Earl, so that with the violence of his Fall and Stroke he lay for dead on the Ground: Then *Guy* seeing this, resolves to try his Fate with this magnanimous *German*, and after a most furious and brave Encounter on both sides, at last *Guy* brought him down, Horse and Man, just on the same place where the Earl had laid in a swound. Then Duke *Otten* seeing the great Bravery of noble *Guy*, incensed greatly with Pride and passionate Rage, vow'd to revenge himself on *Guy*, who joyning in a most dreadful Fight, did both of them break their Swords, and then alighting from their Steeds, *Guy* threw the Duke upon his back with such violence, that he made his Bones to crack again, and there he lay unable to arise to Fight; which Duke *Reyner* observing, and that his Cousin was thus baffl'd, resolv'd to encounter *Guy*, but his Fate was no better, for with the loss of the use of his right Arm he was forc't to yield as the others before had done, being disabled; which so much amazed all the Spectators, that not a Man durst offer him Encounter for a while, till at length the Duke of *Lovain* adventures to try his Fortune, but at the third Blow having his Armour broke, he cry'd out, *Hold, hold, I'll rather yield than die*; which *Guy* granting, they were all so terrify'd, that no Man afterwards durst venture to fight *Guy*. Whereupon the Emperor sent for *Guy*, desiring to know his Birth, Name, and Country, which having understood, he most highly commended his Courage and Conduct, offering him the Prize he had won of his fair Daughter, and the two Greyhounds and Faulcon; and telling him that his Deserts were greater, gave him a Jewel to wear for his sake, as a Token of his Love and Esteem for his great Worth: The noble *Guy* returning his Imperial Majesty most humble Thanks for these his great

great Favours, protested to remain his most humble Servant whilst he lived: And then with reverent and modest Looks said to the Princess, Fair Lady, how greatly has Fortune befriended me, who has allotted me the Worlds Beauty! Madam, I beseech you, accept of your loyal *English* Knight to be your most obedient Servant at your Command, who will be always willing and ready to

venture my Life and Fortune in your Service. Madam, I think my self too mean a Person to be your Husband, therefore shall esteem it Honour and Grace sufficient to be your Servant; for in *England* is my Marriage-Love, and she that must be my Bride, she it is to whom I must be for ever Constant; and this, pray Madam, give me leave to add, that I thought her Beauty matchless, till I see

your

your self, and dare affirm, no Eye is able to distinguish which is the Faireſt or moſt Beautiful:

So that your Beauties may be called Twins,
And Venus *but a Black to both your Skins.*

Therefore, my *Phyllis*, here is thy Picture in this matchleſs Princeſs, and in thy charming Look thou ſeemeſt preſent here, ſo that if I prove falſe or unconſtant, let me be Wretched and Miſerable, or what is worſe, unſucceſsful in my Love to thee and in all my Martial Adventures. Sir *Guy*, quoth the beauteous *Blanch, you are to be commended for your Conſtancy, for to be a Warriour and ſo faithful and conſtant to a Woman is ſomewhat rare*: Then fetching a deep Sigh, ſhe added, *Let thoſe be racked with Tortures perpetually that duly obſerve not the ſacred Promiſes of Love, but I ſuppoſe Sir, your Vows and Promiſes thereof are not yet ſo ſolemnly made, ſo that you may obtain what your victorious Sword has won.* Madam, reply'd *Guy*, it is but too true, therefore for your ſake could I wiſh I had not engag'd ſo far. And many other Words of that kind having paſs'd between them, and the Night approaching, they in courteous manner took leave of each other, and then both retir'd to their Lodgings for Repoſe. In a day or two after, *Guy* (having had all imaginable kind and noble Entertainments) took leave of the Court, and reſolv'd for his own Native *England*; where, after a ſpeedy and ſafe arrival, he ſoon addreſs'd himſelf to his *Phyllis*, telling her, he was come in hopes to obtain her, now he had been abroad, where indeed he had met with a crew of Cowards in the main, tho' his Sword had won an Emperors Daughter, fairer than whom all *Europe* had not to ſhow, except your own Perſon, which was the only reaſon why

I left

I left her to come to you, my charming Fair, and whom, for your sake alone, I cou'd not love, and therefore contented my self with this stately Steed, these Greyhounds and Faulcon, in satisfaction for my Adventure: Therefore tell me, my deareſt, shall we fullfil our plighted Vows and Promises of Marriage-Love. To which beautiful *Phyllis* reply'd, Kind Sir, I hold my self infinitely oblig'd to you for your Favours, and return you many Thanks, that for my sake you have run such Hazards of your Life; but to win such a rare Prize as a beautiful Princeſs, had *Phyllis* been *Guy*, I muſt tell you, Sir, she shou'd have found greater Favour with me, than to take a Horse or Hound, and refuse such a Lady; for, can a Horse, a Faulcon, or a Hound, be of as great value as a beautiful Lady? but perhaps you'l say it was for

love

love of me, and truly I believe it; but tho' I jeſt, yet you ſhall ſee I will do as much, or more for you, for whilſt I live, none but your ſelf ſhall me enjoy; for to be real with you, I muſt own, I had a Viſion, wherein I ſaw an armed Man (juſt ſuch as you are now) whom *Cupid* bid me love, telling me (methought) that it was in vain to oppoſe his great Power, for he wou'd be Conſtant and Faithful, that his Valour and Fame ſhou'd be admir'd throughout the wondering World: This is the Truth which I tell you, ſo that if I wou'd, I cannot tell how to avoid loving you, which, if it were not ſo, be ſure I wou'd have conceal'd it from you. But ſtill, before you be poſſeſt of Marriage-Love, more Deeds of Honour you muſt do, tho' my love ſhall ever be conſtant to none but your ſelf: No, Madam! what! not be poſſeſt of Loves uſe? then will I travel the World about, but you ſhall own by what I do, that I have fulfil'd your Deſire and your Dream; therefore, my deareſt be faithful, as your *Guy* vows to be, and tho' I hazard my Life with Dangers, which I willingly chuſe; yet, when my martial Buſineſs is over, Marriage will make amends for all. And then taking his farewel of his dear *Phyllis*; and her Father Earl *Reband*, who was unwilling he ſhou'd depart ſo ſoon; he took his kind, but moſt ſorrowful leave, and departed for *Lovain*.

Guy now intended to go ſee his loving Friend the Duke of *Lovain*; but e're he came to his Journeys end, he freed a woful Lady from diſtreſs. Thus it befel: Earl *Terry* (a Valiant Man) with his Lady, walking through a Foreſt to take the Air, was ſurpriz'd on a ſudden by ſixteen Villains, who were hired to take his Lady away from him, and make her another's Wife, leaving the Earl ſore wounded. *Guy* comforts the Earl, and underſtanding where

these Villains were, by the Cry of the Lady, come to them in this manner: Cursed Slaves (*quoth he*) what do you mean to do with this Lady? her Husband you have wounded, and taken her by force from him; this act of yours I'll make you now repent, you shall pay dear for what you have done. With that they laugh'd him to scorn, saying, What Fool is this, or rather Mad-man, who thinks to get himself a Name by a desperate Attempt? Like so (*quoth he*) the Fit that's on me now is a raging one; so draws his Sword, and bids the Lady hold her peace, for he would quickly release her from the Hands of these Villains. So with admirable Courage he lays upon them, at every blow one or other dies; some he slew, and the rest fled, being not able to withstand him at that time; so he conducts her to the Earl her Husband, with much Joy and Gladness on both sides. Now *Guy*, with the Earl and his beloved Lady, wandring through the Desart without a Guide, hearing the noise of wild Beasts, it did not a little trouble them; at length two arm'd Men they spy'd with their Swords drawn, who stood on their Guard, lest the wild Beasts should devour them on a sudden. *Guy* demanded of them what they were? they reply'd, They came to bring Earl *Terry* bad News. The Earl demanded what it was? They reply'd, his Royal Father was besieged in his strong Castle by Duke *Ottens* Power, who hath vow'd to pull the Castle down about his Ears.

The Earl on a sudden was much discontented. *Guy* cheers him up, and tells him, that he will assist him. My very Name (*quoth* Guy) will make him fly; he felt my Sword in *France*, but lik'd it not: I will go with thee thy wronged Father to defend, for I have vow'd the Wrong'd for to right. *Noble Friend*, (quoth *Terry*) *my Joy abounds, and I have*

over-

overcome my Grief, to think my aged Father hath so brave a Man to take his part.

The Enemy no sooner heard of *Guy*'s approach, but all their Commanders took their Heels and ran away, leaving the Duke their Master to order his Men himself.

The Duke seeing himself in so bad a condition, in a desperate humour calls for *Guy*, vowing to be reveng'd of him, or lose his life and honour in the Field. *Where is*, quoth he, *this English-man that haunts my Ghost? I challenge him to meet me in the Field, equal Envy shall quickly end the Quarrel that is betwixt us.* Agreed, quoth *Guy*, proud Foe, repent thy wrong, and make thy Conscience clear, thou shalt quickly see an end of thy honour, which worthy Men do hold most dear; thou hast now liv'd to see an end of thy good Name.

Together then they rush'd most furiously, like two incensed Lyons, breaking their Launces as they were reeds, and betaking them to their Swords, they fought both with admirable courage, till at length thro' loss of Blood the Duke fell, who lamented his ill fortune, and died very penitently, confessing, that Ambition was the cause of his overthrow. When *Guy* heard this, he sheathed his Sword, and said, *Remain thou there, for I mean to bleed no more for* Phyllis *at this time, I have been too long away from her, and will fight no more till I see her.* But passing thro' a Forest, he met with the hugest Boar that ever Eye beheld, the Beast

came at him moſt furiouſly, which he perceiving, ſtands upon his guard, and lay ſo hard upon his Swiniſh Head, that he left him dead in the Place; and ſo takes his Journey for *England*, where being arriv'd, he was entertain'd with great joy and triumph by King *Athelſtone*, who had heard of all his noble Atchievements done in other Countries, to the honour of *England* and *Engliſh-men*: Renowned *Engliſh-man*, ſaid King *Athelſtone*, who art the pride of our Nation, I have heard all thy noble Actions done in other Countries, to the wonder of the whole Chriſtian World. Thou haſt laid a heavy hand upon the Necks of Pagans, *Infidels* and *Jews*, hewing monſters in twain, who ſpoiled and devour'd many Chriſtians: But, honourable Man, I think thou never didſt deſtroy the like Monſter that is now in *England*, a dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*, who devours Men, Women and Children; many worthy Knights have gone to encounter with him, yet never any came home alive again. I ſpeak not this to animate thee on to venture thy Life to encounter him, whoſe Life I prize as dear as mine own, but that thou may'ſt underſtand how our Country is annoy'd by him. *My Liege*, quoth Guy, *let me have a Conduct, that I may underſtand where to find him, and I promiſe as I am* Engliſh *Knight, and true to my King and Country, I will bring this Monſters Head to your Majeſty.*

The

The King gave order, that a dozen Knights ſhould conduct him to the place where the Dragon was, which was done accordingly.

The King and the Court took their leave of *Guy* in ſolemn wiſe, never expecting to ſee him again. When they were come near to the place where the Dragon was, *Guy* ſays thus unto them, *Gentlemen, go no farther for fear of danger, but ſit on your Horſes, and behold the ſport:* So coming towards the Cave where the Dragon was, *Guy* prepared for the Encounter, and beholding the dreadful Dragon coming towards him with ireful Countenance, with Eyes like burning Fire, and lofty ſpeckl'd Breaſt; he

ſet his Spear in his Reſt, and ſpurs his Horſe, running againſt the Dragon with ſuch violence, that he overthrew him. The Dragon bit his Spear in two, as if it had been a Reed.

Nay, then quoth Guy, *if to ſuch bites you fall, I have a Tool to pick your Teeth withal*;

Then draws his truſty blade, and lays upon the Dragon in ſuch manful wiſe, that he made wide and bloody Wounds in his Body, which cauſed him to roar ſo exceedingly, that he ſcared the Knights which ſate on their Horſes to behold the fray.

The Dragon perceiving *Guy* to be too hard for him, endeavour'd to fly away from him, but *Guy* brought him down again with a vengeance, cut off his Head, and brought it to the King upon a piece of the Spear that the Dragon bit in two.

The King admiring this Monſters Head,

God ſhield, quoth he, *and ſave us from all evil, Here is a Face that would out-face the Devil.*

Victorious Knight, ſaid the King, *we admire thy Valour, thy Courage, and brave Adventure; one thing I muſt needs crave, and that is this, that you will go no more beyond the Seas, but ſtay here with me.*

My

My Soveraign, quoth *Guy*, what I have done, was for love of a Woman, whom I have not seen these many Years; may your Majesty be pleased to give me but so much leave, I shall be your Servant. *Thrice honoured Knight, I know it, the Earl of* Warwick's *Daughter; go, honoured Man, unto her, she hath heard of all thy valiant Actions; thou art a second* Hector, *or more than he, for* Hector *never did so much as thee.*

Phyllis hearing *Guy* was at *Lincoln*, went to him, being over-joyed that she had found him, clasp't him in her Arms, and said, *Why, how now, Love, have you forgot to love? what! seek a Dragon e're you come to me? Phyllis*, said *Guy*, the King himself complained of a most dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*, that annoyed all the Country, killing Men, Women, and Children, and he that will not obey his Soveraigns command, especially in a thing of so high concernment, is both a Coward and an ill-affected Member to the Commonwealth. *Phyllis* I am thine, I bought thee with this price of Blood. *Dear Love*, said Phyllis, *thou shalt never bleed more for me.* So both agreed, they went to their royal Fathers House Earl *Roband*, who entertain'd them most nobly, and after a few Days they were married together with great Joy, Banqueting, and Hearts delight.

The noble Earl *Roband* in the space of three Weeks died, and left the Earldom to his Son *Guy*, who was made Earl of *Warwick*; he enjoy'd his Earldom but a small time.

And now growing in Years, bethinks himself, and oft would say, How many Men have I made lifeless for the love of a Woman, and spent my Time in War and Blood, and not one Tear shed for my Sins; for Beauty have I run through the World in a Sea of Blood; good GOD forgive me for it. Vain World, farewel, I go to mortifie a sinful Man; and now I mean to take my journey, like a Pilgrim, to the *Holy Land*, to see the place where my Saviour died for my Sins, and the Sins of the whole World. *Phyllis* finding him discontented, begins to ask him how he came into those Melancholy Fits; If I (quoth she) be the cause of it, I am not only sorry, but will endeavour to mend what is in me amiss. No, dear Love, quoth *Guy*, nothing but my Sins, my numberness Sins, is the cause of all my Grief and Sorrow. Ah *Phyllis*, said he, for thy Love I have made many Men bleed, and now, dear Love, do intend to take my journey to the *Holy Land*, and live and dye a Pilgrim: Here, take this Ring, and keep it as a Pledge of my Love to thee, and give me thine; and if ever I come again to *England*, I will send thee this Ring, that thou may'st come and close up my dying Eyes:

Phyllis, *farewel, weep not, I now must go,*
Thy Heart is full of Love, mine full of Woe.

So

So with abundance of Tears betwixt them, he takes his journey, only with a Staff in his Hand, to the *Holy Land*, and she as a pensive Widow, remains at home, giving Alms at her Door to all Pilgrims for his sake, enquiring of them evermore, if they could tell her any news of him; but he not making himself known to any of them in all his travels, they could relate nothing of him to her.

Many times when he returned from the *Holy Land*, he hath received Alms from her own Hands; and she not knowing of him, he hath departed with Tears in his Eyes to his Cave, where he liv'd and died, as you shall understand hereafter.

Now *Guy* takes his journey towards the *Holy Land*, passing through Desarts and unfrequented places, full of Danger, meeteth at last with a woful Knight, that unto Sorrow was no Stranger, an aged Man, having fifteen Sons in bondage under a cruel Tyrant, or a barbarous Gyant, called *Amarant*, who retained them in his strong Castle, with many Knights, Gentlemen and Ladies besides. *Guy* asking where, the old Man directs him to the Castle. *Lend me thy Sword*, quoth Guy, *I'll lend my Manhood all thy Sons to free.* So away he goes, and lays upon the Gates, as one that says, *I must and will come in.* The Gyant never was so rouz'd before, for no such knocking at his Gates had been: so he takes his Club and Keys, and cometh forth; *Sirrah* (quoth

Ama-

Amarant.) *what Buſineſs haſt thou here? art thou come to feaſt the Crows about theſe Walls? becauſe thou haſt moleſted me in this manner, with this Club will I beat out thy Brains, and dreſs thy Fleſh for the Crows to feed upon.*

Sirrah, quoth Guy, *y'are quarrelſom I ſee,*
Dexterous at your Club belike you be.

I have been better arm'd, though now go thin; but do thy worſt, here's a Weapon that muſt do me right. So draws his Sword, ſalutes him with the ſame about his Shoulders, Head, and Sides, in ſuch manner, that *Amarant*

ram did not like the ſport; but heaving his Club aloft in the Air, ſaid, now Villain I will cruſh thee.

But Guy *was nimble to avoid the ſame,*
So on the Ground he ſpent his Stroke in vain.

At length *Amarant* the Gyant grew thirſty and faint for want of Drink, and asked leave of *Guy* to quench his Thirſt at the River. *Guy* gives him leave; then to work they fall again. At length *Guy* grew thirſty, and craved leave to drink; but the churliſh Gyant ſaid, *it were a Mad-mans part to relieve his Enemy.* Well, ſaid *Guy*, ſince thou art ſo hard-hearted in that wherein I uſed thee ſo kindly, thou ſhalt underſtand that it doth but whet my Anger the more againſt thee, and ſo ſhorten thy Life ſooner, I now diſdain to drink. Bold Tyrant, take a taſte of my Good-will, for

Now I have begun my bloody Bout,
It is not that ſame Club ſhall bear you out.

With that he hit him on the Head ſuch a powerful ſtroke, that brought him with a vengeance down; then *Guy* ſet his Foot upon the Monſters Breaſt, and hew'd off his Head, and takes his Keys, and enters the Caſtle, where a moſt woful Spectacle he beheld, tender Ladies in dark Dungeons fed with the Fleſh of their own Husbands; them he relea-

ſed

sed, and set at liberty; unbinds many Knights and Gentlemen, who many Years had been kept in bondage by this bloody Tyrant; at length he came to an Iron Gate, which he unlocks, where he found the old Man's Sons, being fifteen in number, who look'd like the Picture of Death; some of them he found hang'd up by the middle, some by the Thumbs, some hang'd up by the Heels, with their Heads downward; these he took down with great care, and delivered them to the old Man their Father, who with great joy and thankfulness would have kist *Guy*'s Feet, but *Guy* took him up in his Arms, delivered the Keys to him, made him Master of the Castle, and so departed.

Many a weary Step travelled he e're he came to the *Holy Land*, whilst his beloved Wife spent her Days in great sorrow, often wishing herself with him to be partaker with him in all his sufferings.

Many Years continued he in the *Holy Land*, insomuch that all his Friends thought him to be dead; at length desiring to see his own native Country, where he intended to lay his Bones, took his journey homewards.

No sooner was he arrived on the *English* Shore, but he found his Country in great distress, the King of *Denmark* with a mighty Army was landed; threatning to destroy all with Fire and Sword; the King of *Denmark* had a mighty Gyant to his Champion, so terrible

rible to behold, that the *English* were afraid of his very Looks, flinging his Gantlet down with such pride and contempt, that worthy *Guy* could ill endure to hear said, *The* English *were a cowardly Nation, and that never a Man durst answer him.* *Guy* could contain himself no longer, but goes to the King, and tells him, that he will accept of the Challenge, and desired his Majesty not to despair, for he would quickly make an end of *Colbron* that mighty Gyant. The King said unto him, *Honest Palmer go, and GOD bless thee in this mighty Work thou hast undertaken, and grant thee Victory over thine Enemy.* *Amen*, quoth *Guy*, and so goes from *Winchester*'s North-gate, to *Hide-mead*, where he found this Monster of Men treading each Step two Yards of Ground. Art thou the Man, quoth *Colbron*, on whom the King hath ventured *England*'s Crown, whereas all his Lords and Nobles I defie, and scorn to Fight with such a Slave as thee. *Sirrah*, quoth *Guy*, *Manhood should never rail, an Hero's Weapon best can tell his Mind:*

Thus I begin, and therefore look about thee,
If thou art conquered, the Danes *will flout thee.*

Than began a sharp and bloody Fight between them, so that the People knew not what to think, at length *Colbron* through loss of Blood began to faint, and said to *Guy*, yield thee brave *English-man*, and Fight no longer.

Vil-

Villain, quoth *Guy*, I ſcorn thy cowardly fear, the King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head: With that he lent him ſuch a powerful Blow, that brought the Gyant with a vengeance down. Great joy was there among the *Engliſh*.

No ſooner was this mighty Pagan ſlain, but *Guy* made the beſt of his way to his Cave,

but within a ſhort time after fell ſick, and ſent his Ring to his dear *Phillis* Counteſs of *Warwick*, by a poor Palmer; ſo ſhe immediately came and clos'd up his dying Eyes, her ſelf living but fifteen Days after.

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